Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonord.
King. Then by my selfe.
Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misvseſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:
If thou hadst feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst fearde to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,
Had graft the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for wormes.
Kin. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wrongd in time orepast,
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time for time, by the past wrongd,
The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughtred.
Vngouernd youth to waile it in their age:
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchred,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misvsed, nere vsed, by time misvsed orepast.
King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine,
Without her, follo wes to this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine, and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:

Therefore good mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in great designes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, Ile burie them,
Where in that nest of spicerie there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, write to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious soueraigne, on the Westerne coast,
Rideth a puissant Nauie. To the shore
Throng many doubtfull hollow harted friends,
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the ayd,
Of Buckingham to welcome them a shore.
King. Some light-foote friend post to the Duke of Norff.
Ratliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is he?
Cat. Here my Lord.
Kin. Flie to the Duke: post thou to Salisbury,
When thou comest there: dull vnmindfull villaine
Why stands thou still, and goest not to the Duke?
Cat. First mightie soueraigne, let me know your minde,
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.
Kin. O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presently at Salisbury.
Rat. What is it your highnes pleasure I shal do at salisbury?
Kin. Why what woulds thou do there before I go?